

a tin box in the shade of a tree and, flashing a sunbeam upon the baited creature from a fragment of a broken mirror, they drove it round the bottom of the box seeking shelter from the unaccustomed light.

In an instant Regan had slipped over his pocket looking glass. He crept out to within six feet of where MacFarland lay, and soon a bright spot of reflected sunlight was playing upon the half-dozen scorpions that clustered upon the collar of his coat.

For a moment nothing happened. Then one by one the scorpions began to stir. Soon they were scuttling off through the grass.

Shorty drew a long breath. Then he turned the bright little beam upon one after another of the creatures that lay on the blanket and sent them scattering to their holes.

The patch of shadow between MacFarland's head and the sun-bathed earth had dwindled until it was only a few inches wide. Bending as closely as he dared, Shorty kept feverishly at his work, the hardest part of which was still before him. Spread out upon the bosom of the Sheriff's blue flannel shirt lay at least a dozen of the venomous things. For a moment Shorty hesitated. To turn the ray of light in their direction might send them crawling beneath the folds of the shirt; but there was no other way.

Cautiously he applied the reflected beam. Two of the affrighted scorpions quickly made their way along the Sheriff's neck toward his left ear and dropped off. There was a barely perceptible twitching of the cords of the neck.

"God!" thought Shorty. "I thought he was going to wake up that time sure." His hand trembled, and a trickle of cold sweat ran down his forehead. Again he tilted the mirror. The edge of the shadow had begun to creep down the Sheriff's red hair. He might awaken at any minute. More of the scorpions whisked away to their holes, until only two remained. These had crawled beneath the flap of the shirt and stubbornly resisted every attempt to dislodge them with the mirror.

The sun was now streaming down full on MacFarland's face; but still he did not move. Shorty reached for a stick.

"Lord! It's lucky for him he's such a good sleeper," he whispered hoarsely. "It would sure be a shame if he woke up now and spoiled it all!"

DON'T worry, Shorty. I've been awake half an hour." The lips of the man on the ground moved and Regan looked down into a pair of feverish, bloodshot eyes. "But for God's sake hurry! I'm beginning to twitch all over."

Shorty dropped the stick. "All right, Steve," he answered steadily. "It won't take long now."

He caught up a tin cup from the Sheriff's camp kit and hurried down to the water-hole. In less than a minute he was back with it brimming full of water.

"Now don't move when this hits you," he commanded. He bent close to the Sheriff and poured the water over his chest. In an instant the two scorpions came scuttling out from their hiding place and ran out upon the blanket. Then the stick whacked down heavily.

"Got two of them varmints, anyway," growled Shorty. Then he grinned. "Didn't hurt you, did it?"

"Nope," returned the Sheriff, sitting up tremblingly. "Say, Shorty, it wasn't scorpions you came up here to get, was it?" he said in a shaking voice.

Shorty looked away. "Don't know what you're talkin' about," he grunted. "Just stopped for a minute to fill my canteen, and saw you needed a little help. S'long!"

He started to make his way back through the brush to where his horse was tied; but the Sheriff got up, still shaking nervously, and strode after him.

"I don't s'pose you're crazy to shake hands with me, Shorty," he said; "but you're white—white all the way through, my boy!" He grasped the hand that stole uncertainly toward him. "Now, look a here!" Steve went on. "I've been huntin' you, an' you've been huntin' me. I don't blame you a little bit for comin' up here to kill me. I did you a rotten turn in that Randall business. But I know the man who shot Joe, an' I'll send him up sure as shootin'. An' as for Pearl—"

"What about Pearl?" Shorty stiffened a little and looked inquiringly at the Sheriff.

"Sherwin", only I guess I don't stand much of a show there. I certainly won't when she comes to know the truth about how I sent you to Yuma. She's yours, all right. Wal, let's ride back to town an' git this thing fixed up."

PHYSICAL FITNESS

Continued from page 9

cise may flood the system with acid wastes to such a degree as to constitute real poisoning. Mosso and others have demonstrated the toxicity of these fatigue substances; but the man who has ever been "dead tired" will need no proof of such assertion. Furthermore, the cellular waste accompanying profound fatigue may exceed the possibility of repair, and finally result in prostration, or even organic degeneration, if carried too far.

All of which goes to show that a satisfactory physiological balance sheet cannot be maintained if there is any serious disturbance of the normal relation between food and exercise. This should be a warning to those who "fall for" the latest diet fads, starvation treatment, etc.

To sum up, exercise is valueless, unless it accomplishes one or more of the following results:

- Maintenance of normal balance of waste and repair.
- Improved functional activity of organs, including the skin.
- Symmetrical development of the body and harmonious working of its parts.
- Sufficient offset to mental activities.

Attainable Ideals in Exercise

VOLUMES could be written descriptive of the various systems of physical culture and the multiplicity of apparatus and paraphernalia available for such purposes. Enough has been said to indicate that the principles underlying rational exercise for the average individual are very simple. In diseased or abnormal structural conditions, skilled medical advice is required, or harm may result; but it is probable that the beneficial effect of most systems or special apparatus is due, not to any particular merit in the system, but to the exercise and the mental suggestion accompanying it.

The writer confesses to a sense of unutterable weariness at the thought of daily performing a series of monotonous and formal athletic movements. In some cases it is positively necessary to prescribe such movements; but as a rule it is much better to secure a daily equivalent of muscular work through some pleasurable form of exercise or sport. This advice must be qualified for heavyweights. Pleasurable exercise is more than likely to create a fierce appetite, and

thus a Sisyphean task is undertaken of working off weight only to regain it immediately—perhaps with interest. Contrariwise, I defy anyone to get up an appetite through performing the genuflections, gyrations, and contortions that are serviceable in reducing the waistline.

The young baby gets its exercise by yelling and kicking. Later in life the romping games of childhood give sufficient muscular work, and the attention given to calisthenics and physical culture in most of our schools assures abundance of athletic exercise; indeed, it is necessary to restrain this enthusiasm for physical culture, lest injury be done to children who cannot stand the pace. Much discretion is necessary in directing exercise for girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen. At that time of life violent competitive sports should be avoided. Simple gymnasium exercises, within proper limits, are not harmful; but a crowded school curriculum, worry over lessons, examinations, etc., and a strenuous athletic program, will easily overturn a fairly stable nervous organization.

But games and school exercise should be supplemented by home training. The child should be trained to sit and stand erect, to avoid a faulty reading position, etc. School instruction on these matters, as in grammar, deportment, etc., is often positively neutralized by careless home habits.

Up to forty years of age all sports and athletic pastimes are allowable, with the reservation that as that age is approached there should be a slowing down. After forty, such sports as baseball, football, lacrosse, handball, and even tennis, are best avoided. Boxing, fencing, and wrestling, unless kept within certain limits, and all violent competitive athletic feats, can be undertaken at middle life and afterward only at the serious risk of overstraining the circulatory apparatus, and actually hastening the degenerative processes due to advancing years—for the years do advance in spite of us.

For the elderly, golf, horseback riding, billiards, gardening, croquet, hunting, fishing, swimming, rowing, etc., are all forms of exercise that can be kept within proper limits. Walking is a form of pleasurable exercise that is within the reach of all. This should be reduced to a routine daily affair,



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